

bated eggs. Just five feet away and on the same level was the owl nest, it being in a stub of the same tree, as can be seen from the accompanying photographs. The cavity was a foot in diameter, four feet in depth, and nearly perpendicular. The single white egg, which rested on fairly rotted wood and a few large owl feathers, seemed to have been incubated for some time.

On account of the peculiarity of the situation and conditions I collected the Red-shoulder eggs and visited the tree again a week later to obtain photographs and a full set of Barred Owl eggs, if possible, but the original egg was broken and the nest deserted. I have often wished that I had left the birds undisturbed, and instead, had watched to see the natural outcome of this strange community.

Ravinia, Ill., July 11, 1916.

BIRDS BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY ALTHEA R. SHERMAN.

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IN PALESTINE.

Our departure from Egypt for Palestine was in advance of the migrating hosts of birds from the south and after many of the winter residents had started north. As a result of these conditions there was a dearth of bird life in the Holy Land during the first half of March, more pronounced than one would expect in this region, to which H. B. Tristram has ascribed 348 species. It has been said in a previous chapter that the popular routes of travel in the Old World are marked not so much by the birds seen thereon as by failures to see some of the commonest species, whose names have been made familiar by the literature of foreign lands. These failures are due to several causes; the prime one must always be inherent in an itinerary planned to please the majority of sight-seeing travelers, whose stops are generally made in those man-infested, bird-shunned portions of the journey,—

the large cities. Even when birds are found in cities, they may be strange birds, requiring time for their identification. It is at such times in a conducted party that one feels as if jerked along by a string. There has been a pause, the guide starts on, the string is jerked, one must follow fast, and instantly or be lost, and the strange bird whose points of identification are being taken drops into the class of the unknown.

Possibly an uplift in religious faith may be the portion of some American visitors to the Holy Land, but more likely they experience a sickening disgust, produced by the ubiquitous parade of fake relics, antiquities, and historical sites. We landed at Jaffa, the port in which Jonah took ship for a voyage that included a remarkable adventure with a "big fish." The immense brown rocks that dot the waters of the bay probably withstood tempestuous waves for countless ages before the days of Jonah or those in which Phœnician "floats" came there, laden with cedars from Lebanon for the temple of Solomon. These rocks offered the sole opportunity, that we saw in Palestine, that had escaped the fakir's wand. On none was mounted a giant cedar reputed to have been left there in Solomon's time; nor was anywhere exposed the skeleton of the "big fish"; nor was any rock singled out as a spot where Jonah sunned himself after a sea bath. One such blessed exemption as this cannot be prized too highly.

Some years ago, while a Scottish guide pointed out to American tourists the window from which was lowered the infant son of Mary, Queen of Scots, one visitor exclaimed: "Do you mean to tell us that this is the identical window? That these very stones were in place here then?" The guide hastening to uphold the tradition answered: "The stones may have been changed, but *the hole* certainly is the same." Realizing the changes, ruin, and decay that three thousand or nineteen hundred years are sure to work everywhere, the intelligent visitors to Palestine can expect to find no more than "the hole" remaining: The bay of ancient Joppa, with its steep, encircling hills, the plains, the mountains, the rivers, the seas, the flowers, the trees, and the birds are much the

same as in the days of Christ, or David, or Abraham. To have seen more of these and less of the filth and beggary of Jerusalem along with its preposterous shams and make-believe antiquities would have been more to my taste.

The antiquities that Jaffa exhibits to visitors are "the house of Simon the Tanner," and "the tomb of Tabitha." The guide-books state that the house bears evidences of an existence no greater than a century. It has a well with a curious windlass, and a fine view may be obtained from the house-top, making some slight reward for a visit to it. Without peradventure "the tomb of Tabitha" is a genuine tomb, and it may have been the final resting-place of a woman, whose good works rivaled those of Dorcas of old. Death has claimed many such women in various lands though the paths to their tombs may not lie between rows of beautiful cypress trees, and past a Russian church that shows a clean and inviting interior. During a drive among the orange groves of Jaffa we saw some of its far-famed fruit hanging in very small trees; at least they were small when compared with American orange trees. These oranges, very large and of most delicious sweetness and flavor, were sold in baskets, that held about a peck, for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Bird life, however, appeared very scarce, with only the Fantail Warbler in the trees and Swallows overhead. But the harbor of Jaffa a week later afforded us the single ornithological thrill felt in Palestine. We were taking our places in a row-boat preparatory to embarkation on a steamer going north, when there flew directly over us a great flock of Common Herons (*Ardea cinerea*) in three groups. There were from six hundred to eight hundred birds according to the estimate of several of our party.

Nearly half of the fifty-three miles of railway journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem lies in a southwestern direction across the Plains of Sharon. For a short distance the road runs amidst orchards, whose trees were then in full bloom. The orchards were succeeded by grain-fields, in some of which the grain was coming up, while in others it had at-

tained a height of six to ten inches. These fields, as well as the roadside, were dotted with crimson poppies of a rich velvety texture. Besides the poppies there were delicately tinted cyclamen, yellow flowers resembling dandelions, and small blue flowers. Fertile fields and bright-colored flowers made a gladsome sight, while over them skimmed a former acquaintance, the Oriental Swallow (*Hirundo savignii*), the same species that is called by Shelley the Egyptian Swallow. We had noted its southern limit at the First Cataract of the Nile, and now we saw it near the boundary of its northern range, according to Tristram, who says it is not met with north of the Lebanon. Singly and in pairs Larks were startled into the air. Some belonged to the Crested Lark (*Alauda cristata*), while others, no doubt, would have been identified as Calandra Larks (*Melanocorypha calandra*) had train-stops afforded sufficient time for the desired certainty. The fields of the plains are the places in which it abounds in spring. Two Hawks completed the bird list for that day.

Gradually the plains gave place to the hill-country, suitable for grazing only, where a few flocks of sheep and goats were seen before we mounted into a wilder, more stony region and passed within sight of a structure said to mark the birth-place of Samson. A little farther on a hill-top was pointed out as the place called Ramath-lehi by Samson. Whatever shortcomings this ancient athlete displayed in his escapades before his hair-cut, he evinced good judgment in two respects: He chose for Ramath-lehi a site that would be in full view of future railway trains, and in slaying there a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass he did not muss up a spot that was of any value for agricultural purposes.

Over the half mile or more that intervened between the railway station and the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem our carriages were whirled along at a breakneck speed, that fixed the conviction that every driver was a descendant of Jehu, son of Nimshi. That reckless teamster seems to have been the progenitor of all drivers in the Orient from India westward. All

bear the ancestral earmarks—"for he driveth furiously." Progress toward lands with higher civilization was marked by a more humane treatment of the horse. At Assiut there were not enough teams to transfer the passengers from boat to train without the making of a second trip. We saw one of the returning carriages lose a hind wheel, but the driver lashed on his galloping horses utterly oblivious of any loss.

A magnificent panoramic view of Jerusalem and its environs is obtainable from the tower of the German church. From that height the city is a fascinating sight, due in part to its many dome-shaped roofs and the beautiful colorings of the stone used in building. It is the common stone of the region, appearing in garden walls as well as in the buildings; and its warm, many-colored shadings makes it one of the most pleasing sights about Jerusalem. It gives a touch of warmth to the otherwise cold, bleak, desolate landscape: A cheerless expanse to which olive groves once may have afforded some relief. Olive trees are not plentiful now; we were told that the owners had been forced to cut down their trees because the Turkish tax on them exceeded the revenue they could be made to yield. From the church tower a birds-eye view of all we were to see later was obtained. Places concerning which much has been written from the days of Isaiah down to those of Robert Hichens. From this vantage point a Sabbath-day's journey had ocular demonstration, for there stood the Mount of Olives something more than a mile away as the crow flies. The temple area on Mount Moriah was spread out like a map below us; and the encircling valleys of Biblical fame dropped down into the blue middle-distance of the picture. It seems a pity to have had this fine impression soon overlaid by others produced by contact with the humbugs and the shamefully absurd pretensions made in a parade of sacred relics and ruins.

The first rain encountered in several months began to fall while we were aloft in the church tower. The storm continued for two days and probably kept some birds in hiding; at the same time it did not enhance our enjoyment of the

street scenes, though it did add deeper pathos to the ceremonial of prayer in the Wailing Place of the Jews. The rain poured down during our visit to the Garden Tomb, but it did not dampen the cheerfulness of a Great Titmouse (*Parus major*) that chirped softly in one of the trees. It rained during most of our visit to the Temple Area, where no birds were seen, though it is the roosting place for Ravens, Hooded Crows, Jackdaws and Rooks. The Ravens were seen on all other days and in other places in the neighborhood of Jerusalem in small numbers. Pigeons were not seen in any abundance. It was these birds, not Ravens, that were seen in the deep, narrow gorge through which flows the brook Cherith, where high up against the face of a nearly vertical cliff on the spot supposed to have been the refuge of Elijah stands St. George's Convent; about it a flock of Pigeons kept company with the anchorites in their lonely retreat.

Only a few of *Turtur senegalensis* were seen, though the species is sedentary in Palestine as well as in Egypt. The several common names of Palm, Egyptian, and Collared Turtledove are all applied to this species. Unfortunately our visit was in advance of the arrival of the Turtledove (*Turtur auritus*), whose coming has for centuries been counted a harbinger of spring. In inimitable verse nature-loving Solomon did honor to this season, that captivates man's senses of feeling, seeing, hearing and smelling, when he wrote:—

“For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

“The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land;

“The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.”

That the ancients did not leave the entire subject of migration for modern investigations is revealed by this comment of Jeremiah upon the punctual arrival of certain birds: “Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the

time of their coming." From investigations made by Canon Tristram it has been ascertained that the word translated "swallow" should read "swift," meaning the Common Swift (*Cypselus apus*). Their appointed time came after our departure, but a few Sand Martins (*Cotile riparia*) were seen daily in Palestine, and a large influx of the species was noted two days before we left. In the valley of the Jordan a single individual of the Alpine or White-bellied Swift (*Cypselus melba*) was observed.

Very little was seen of our former daily companion the White Wagtail (*Motacilla alba*), and not much better was the record of the Egyptian Vulture (*Neophron pernopterus*). About twoscore of them were counted in the morning of our return trip from Jericho. Fully half of the number was found in the vicinity of a slaughter-pen in the outskirts of Jerusalem. This species outnumbered all others seen that day. For a drive of twenty-five miles the number of birds to be seen was very small. There were a few Ravens, Crested Larks, and Sand Martins, two Kestrels, a Shrike and two Mourning (or Pied) Chats (*Saxicola lugens*). The last named were seen when we stopped to rest the horses at the Good Samaritan Inn. While the others bought a fresh supply of beads I walked outside. Over the barren ground were crawling very many hairy caterpillars that bore a strong resemblance to the tent-caterpillars seen at home. The Chats were collecting these, and evidently were feeding them to their nestlings, for they frequently entered a certain hole between the rocks that were built into the roadway.

From the outskirts of Bethany to the village of Eriha (which is the name given to modern Jericho) the Inn of the Good Samaritan was the only human habitation we passed. If it had not been for the many pilgrims, afoot or on horseback, who were making the journey, the road would have been as lonesome as it was on the day when a certain man in going to Jericho fell among thieves. The landscape then must have been much the same as now. The steep hillsides, devoid of shrubs or trees, are a network of miniature terraces, the

horizontal face of each terrace, being a foot or two in width, "switch-backs" into its nearest neighbors above and below, from which it is separated in the widest places by a space of a few feet only. An explanation, which may be the true one, comes to mind: *l.c.* It is that the tops of the terraces are the paths beaten by the feet of the flocks that have fed upon these hillsides for thousands of years, and the space between the terraces is measured by the distance a sheep or goat can reach while grazing.

There is a suggestion of punitive measures in the expression "to send him to Jericho." Why this journey should be considered a punishment is a puzzle to me, especially since Jericho was the only place in Palestine that I was sorry to leave. Its antiquities do not tax our credulity. There is the recently excavated mound, in which are uncovered portions of the ruined walls of ancient Jericho, and nearby is a spring, from which gushes a great volume of water, that is called Elisha's Fountain. The great depression, wherein lies the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, is nearly a quarter of a mile below the level of the sea and three-quarters of a mile lower than Jerusalem. This has a marked influence on the temperature of the valley in March, and unquestionably the same thing is true in July and August, but in March the advantage lies in favor of the valley. Of this advantage the birds had not been slow to avail themselves, as their twitterings on all sides abundantly proved. Deciduous trees were not in full-leaf, yet the foliage was well advanced, sufficiently so to conceal the birds from view as we were jerked rapidly along. In fact, on no other part of the whole trip was the string jerked so frequently and with such violence. In an afternoon devoted to a trip to the banks of the Jordan and the shores of the Dead Sea there was a stop of about twenty minutes at the former place, and half that time at the latter: merely time enough to dip one's fingers in the waters of the Sea and to pick up a few bean-shaped pebbles from its shore. How two men of our party secured their plunge into the

briny waters is their own story, and reflects credit on their business acumen.

Notwithstanding the vast amount that has been written concerning Palestine, few writers make mention of the feast of colors set forth toward nightfall in the Jordan Valley. Possibly our evening there was an exceptional one. It certainly was a very exceptional experience to view a landscape abounding in such richness and beauty of coloring. To the eastward rose the Mountains of Moab, wrapped in the gold and purple trappings of the approaching night, holding our attention to the utter exclusion of the desolate plain we were crossing. In the west the Mount of Olives was distinctly marked by the lofty tower of the Russian Church that stands on its summit. Though the day had been a long one and full of hard driving, we came all too soon in the gloaming to the cleanly little inn, where we were to spend the night; and all too early in the morning we left it and the many singing birds, still hidden in the trees, to return to the filth and fakes of Jerusalem.

When portions of the old Roman wall many feet below the present ground surface of Jerusalem are shown to visitors it is reasonable to believe that relics belonging to the time of Christ must be buried under debris a score or more feet in depth; when the guidebooks very plainly state that the Stone of Unction has frequently been replaced by a new one, the American mind fails to comprehend how even the most ignorant of European peasants can accept as genuine the "holy relics" before which they prostrate themselves. Some of the spurious show-places are so grotesquely ridiculous in their pretensions that the memory of them calls up a smile. Of this class is the "Milk Grotto" in Bethlehem. The claim is made that the rock-hewn floor of this grotto was blessed with therapeutic qualities, when on it fell a few drops from the breast of the Virgin Mary; so that to this day any mother of any religion or nation, who is deficient in lacteal fluid, will be benefited by a dose of the stone. Furthermore, that the blessing may be universal, little "milk cakes," bearing

in bas-relief a portrait of the Madonna, are sold for foreign consumption. These furnish an opportunity for souvenirs that probably no American lets escape. It was noticed that the young bachelor of our party was the heaviest buyer, however, his thoughtfulness and generosity seemed limitless. It was he who found that homemade American pie could be ordered from the American Colony store, and who at three dinners treated us to pie, the only pie seen during ten months of travel. It was he who at Smyrna remembered to buy toys for two fretful babies on ship-board, though there were fathers and grandfathers in our party, to whom the thought did not occur.

Our visit to Bethlehem was made on Sunday afternoon. Those of us of Puritan blood had fortified our souls against the pomp of ceremonials by attending the morning service at the American Mission. There within plain walls was a simple form of worship "in spirit and in truth," quite as appropriate to the wilds of Africa or America as to the sacred city of Jerusalem.

FROM JAFFA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

The steamer that carried us to Constantinople was engaged in coastwise transportation and made stops at Haifa, Beyrout, Vathy on the island of Samos, and at Smyrna. The voyage occupied a little more than a week. Passengers were discouraged from going ashore at Haifa so we staid with the ship. The birds seen from its decks were Terns and two species of Gulls: a species of the Herring Gulls and a species of the Black-headed Gulls. These were seen in all the other harbors, except at Vathy the latter species was missing.

It was on the drive to Dog River to see the rock-hewn tablets of ancient conquerors that most of the birds about Beyrout were seen, and these were not many: A few old acquaintances in the form of Hooded Crows, Swallows, Sand Martin, a Fantail Warbler and a Raven were noted. While we were passing through a Greek settlement, one of Beyrout's suburbs, a boy offered for sale a string of bright-

colored, small birds. Although this is said to be a common practice in foreign lands, this instance was the sole one witnessed by me. Two days later, while yet many miles from Rhodes and the mainland, there came to our steamer's deck two Wagtails and a Redbreast. The last named hopped about quite fearlessly in its search for food.

We awoke the next morning to find our vessel anchored at Vathy, which is situated at the lower end of a pear-shaped bay, whose waters were of deepest blue. The rugged hills of this isle of Greece did not look fertile, but they must nurture the vine in abundance, and there must still be people who "fill high the bowl with Samian wine," for throughout the entire day our ship was taking on board a seemingly endless number of casks of it. But the most impressive thing at Vathy was its stone-paved, scrupulously clean water-front. Probably a cleaner quay can nowhere be found, certainly not in America. After three months' experience with the filth and poverty of the Orient the tidiness of Vathy was a most pleasing surprise. Its children looked robust, comfortably clad, and did not beg. It was not far to the open country, in which two of us took a long walk, at first through very narrow stone-walled lanes, which at last brought us out upon a well-paved road. Nowhere did animal life seem abundant: two goats, four pigs, and a few donkeys completed the list of quadrupeds. Aside from many Swallows flying above the market-place, no more than a hundred individual birds were seen. This number included a Kestrel, a score of Gulls in the harbor, two dozen Hooded Crows, and about ten species of small birds. One bird, about the size of our Robin, was seen for an instant on the ground. Excepting the Crows it was rare to see a bird upon the ground, most of them hid themselves amid the foliage of the trees, where even the briefest glimpses of them were difficult to secure. The two or three species of Warblers were as elusive as elsewhere; but persevering effort was crowned with success in the cases of the Greenfinch, and of the females of the

Chaffinch (*Fringilla coelebs coelebs*). These were the first of these species to be identified by me.

Although at Smyrna we enjoyed a long and delightful drive, that took us without the city, the bird sights differed little from those seen at Beyrout. The natural history interests of our party were not entirely extinguished when we left the land. Someone in exploring the ship found a goat among the fifth-class passengers. A string of beads decorated Nannie's neck, and it was feared that she had been prepared for the sacrifice. Since we had strong suspicions that at times our beef had been horse and our mutton had been goat, it was deemed advisable to keep an eye on Nannie: therefore several times each day some member or other of our party wandered into the fifth-class quarters to make sure that she was alive and well. By this means we obtained a better knowledge of the accommodations furnished to this class of travelers along the coast of Asia Minor. While making friends with the goat a glance could now and then be cast upon her brightly-dressed human neighbors, who were crowded about her. On either side of narrow aisles the ship's space was divided into compartments that measured about thirty inches in height, four feet in width, and six or seven feet in length. These evidently were two-storied berths for the reception of bedding, some of which were thus occupied. The goat occupied the lower one nearest the entrance and in neighboring pens women sat crouched over fires, attending to their cooking, or in other ways relieving the tedium of a sea voyage.

Seemingly no spot in the Old World is without its story of the past in the form of authentic history, tradition, or the creation of the poetic imagination, half-forgotten memories of which come to mind, while we are occupied with present scenes and experiences. Probably it is well that tourists do not question overmuch about the exact scene of this or that ancient happening, since if they did, sham relics, such as abound in Palestine, would be prepared for them. The plains of ancient Troy cannot easily be passed unnoted by those of

us whose classical course in college required five years' study of Greek; who enjoyed translating from the original the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer and the *Ajax* of Sophocles. The morning was still very young, the island of Tenedos scarcely more than passed, when I was out on deck to watch our approach to the Hellespont, and to see the shore upon which the Greeks drew up their thousand ships, where Achilles sulked, when crossed in love or ambition; to view the plains that stretched toward lofty Ilium on which the Greeks fought so long in vain with Agamemnon ruling, the silver-tongued Nestor persuading, the crafty Odysseus planning, and Telamonian Ajax, gone mad, dying on his own sword. As we passed up the Dardanelles we found the birds were going our way. There were Gulls, Cormorants, and Common Heron, besides many flocks of shorebirds, too far away for identification. It took until night for our heavily loaded steamer to make the run to Constantinople.

One should not expect the best of things at all times, but I was glad that my turn for the best room came at Constantinople. It was No. 161 in the Pera-Palace Hotel, a corner room in the top story, with its windows commanding most magnificent views. Pera and the Golden Horn lay below. Across the waters of the latter rose the hills of Stamboul, beautified by the domes and minarets of its many mosques: a fanciful, fascinating picture; nevertheless a bit of nightmare always intrudes itself into the memory dreams of those scenes: the vision of the conflagration that would sweep Stamboul should a fire be started among its old, unpainted, wooden houses.

With only six days for sightseeing in Constantinople and its environs too much time could not be spent in window-gazing, so near views of the city were soon being taken under the efficient guidance of a most gentlemanly dragoman, a native of Cephalonia. The usual places of interest were seen, together with some of the unusual people. Among the latter were the dervishes, whose strange exhibitions, probably, are inspired less by religious zeal than by hope of financial re-

ward. The seances of the Whirling Dervishes were given in the day time, and those of the Howling Dervishes in the evening: from 8:45 o'clock until nearly midnight. At one of these we staid until the last spectacular performance had been given. The show began tamely enough, with sixty devotees sitting closely packed on the floor, swaying back and forth, bending double, yelping or coughing "Allah! Allah!" in concert whenever single individuals ceased chanting. An hour and a half of this sufficed to incite them to stunts, some of which were far from misleading, while others were real and some were deceptive. Of such were the thrusting of swords through their bodies; the taking of three raw eggs into the mouth and there cooking them with a red-hot iron; the nailing of a man to a post with an awl-shaped instrument driven through his cheek. In order that we might see and believe the man was brought to the post against which two of us were leaning.

On another day we formed part of a crowd, numbering many hundred people, that for an hour stood or sat waiting to see a man go to his noonday prayers. The man was the Sultan of Turkey, and as he rode slowly along the bird glasses served well in making observations. This was the largest "Turkey bird" upon whom they were used, but one that proved less interesting than some of the feathered bipeds. Some Turtle Doves were noted while we awaited the Sultan's coming. They were seen on following days in Constantinople, which was the last place in which I saw them. In the afternoon of that day the Mosque of Eyoub was visited, after which a walk was taken up the hill that overlooks this mosque and the Golden Horn. The path keeps close to the edge of the nearly vertical face of the bluff, and is lined with rows of cypress trees, under which rest the Moslem dead. Many other hillsides about Constantinople are covered with their gravestones, but lack the ornamentation furnished by trees. The fine view from the brow of the hill included the waters and shores of the Golden Horn; and the picturesque valley through which flows the Sweet Waters of Europe

could be traced to the northeast. Below us were several marshy islands, on one of which I counted sixteen Common Herons. When hurrying down the hill an interesting sight faced us that was missed in the ascent: There stands in the courtyard of the Mosque of Eyoub an immense plane tree, measuring about eight feet in diameter, in whose topmost branches were several Common Herons and their nests. It was one of those times when the string was being jerked forcibly, and there was no more than an instant for identifying the Herons. That evening, at the hotel, some ladies of our party were told by other tourists of their visit to a certain mosque where they saw Storks nesting in a large tree; moreover, their dragoman had said that they were Storks. By that time I had seen the Common Heron often enough to feel fairly confident of my identification; but because of the haste in which it was made I resolved to return, though I was obliged to go alone one forenoon while the others shopped.

The Mosque of Eyoub is one of the most sacred of Moslem shrines; and until quite recent years it has been closed to the Christian dog. It is in this most holy place that each new sultan must be girded with the sword of Osman, a ceremony similar in importance to the crowning of kings in other lands. The mosque is said to have been built over the long-lost grave of Eyoub Ansari, one of the faithful followers of Mohammed, who set out with forty men to capture Constantinople for the prophet. We were admitted to the court-yard and to the vestibule of the mosque, but only the faithful Moslems are permitted to see the turbeh of the saint, which is viewed through a small opening in the wall. Upon my second visit it was not necessary to enter any part of the mosque's enclosure. A short climb up the hill brought me to the level of the tree tops, the birds, and their nests, which were distant perhaps a hundred feet. There were fourteen nests, in four of which birds were sitting. In a few other places two birds together were engaged in demonstrations that in human estimation would be termed "fussing over

each other." There were counted fifteen birds in the trees and ten on the island, in a description of which one would make mention of a long, black, occipital plume; of a broad, black streak over the eye; of black primaries and gray on wing coverts and the upper parts of body; in short it would be noticed that the birds had all the identification marks of the Common Heron, and none of those of the White Stork. There were numerous holes in the large branches of the old tree which Jackdaws were entering, and several Starlings were on a ledge of one of the minarets. Turtledoves and Rock Doves were about the mosque. Many of the latter were fed in its court-yard, as is the case in that of the Bayazid Mosque, in consequence of which it is known as the Pigeon Mosque. A Common Kite (*Milvus iclinius*) was among the birds seen. About the cypress trees on the hillside were many Hooded Crows, one of which was carrying nesting material, while overhead four screaming Magpies flew back and forth. The Magpie (*Pica rustica*) was seen for the first time in Constantinople. It is a species easily recognized on the wing, and the infrequency with which it was met in Europe was rather surprising. From the foliage of the cypress trees issued much twittering of small birds, but glimpses of the singers were rarely caught; however, the Great Titmouse was a trifle bolder and came into view several times. From the ferry-boat on the return trip to the city were seen thirty-eight Cormorants, and the three species of Gulls that frequented the harbor.

One morning at eight o'clock three of us started for Bebek and Robert College; the others spent the forenoon buying beads and similarly necessary articles. We met them on the steamboat that touched at Bebek at two o'clock and completed with them the trip up the Bosphorus to the waters of the Black Sea. That was a day among days to hold in memory, with perfect weather lending its charm to the pleasures of a boat-ride that probably does not have its equal on this earth in alluring, picturesque, suburban scenery. It was the human touches added to natural beauty that made the shift-

ing scenes so bewitching. Each bend in the shore (and bends were the rule, not the exception) seemed to present a more beautiful picture than the last. The finest view of all appeared to be the one directly above Bebek, with its ancient defensive walls and towers and the handsome, new buildings of Robert College crowning the summit of the hill. Only a few birds were seen during the morning hours spent on the college grounds. Flocks of noisy Jackdaws frequently flew overhead. There were seen my first Common Wren (*Troglodytes parvulus*) and my first Blue Titmouse (*Parus caeruleus*) besides the Great Titmouse and female Chaffinch, which were fast becoming old acquaintances. While on the Bosphorus excursion there were seen the Hooded Crow, an Alpine Swift and the Gulls as usual; also more shorebirds than on previous days. Several sizes of them could be distinguished, and they were in flocks numbering from thirty to one hundred, making in the aggregate a thousand or more birds; nearly that number were counted.

Our last contact with the soil of Asia was made upon the trip to Scutari. In a cemetery in which are buried eight thousand soldiers, who died in the Crimean War, a bird was singing blithely his vernal song. It proved to be a male Chaffinch, the first one I had noted. As we sailed into the Sea of Mamora late that day the graceful outlines of Constantinople were tenderly enfolded in the violet-hues of evening, touched here and there by the afterglow of sunset.

FALL MIGRATION RECORDS (1906-1915) AT ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

BY A. D. TINKER AND N. A. WOOD.

The following series of tabulated records represents the combined field-work of Mr. F. O. Novy, the authors and other observers in the vicinity of Ann Arbor, Michigan, during the fall migrations of the years 1906-1915 inclusive. The immediate vicinity of Ann Arbor has been pretty thoroughly worked, but the outlying districts have not received the atten-